

A WISH.

Be let me home as one
Whose part in the world has been drear and done—
One that hath fairly earned and spent,
In pride of heart and fulness of blood,
Such wages, be they bound bad or good,
As Time, the old tailor, who moved to pay,
Those gifts the arbiters preferred and passed on,
Fare, grateful and content,
Down the slim way,
Whereby races innumerable have gone
Into the silent universe of the grave.
Grateful for what hath been,
For what my hand hath done, mine eyes have
My heart been privileged to know;
With all my lips in love have brought
To lips that yearned in love to them and brought
In way of wrath and pity and sport and song—
Content, that miracle of being alive
Dwindling, that I, three weary of worst and best,
May shed my dues and go
From right and wrong
And, ceasing to regret and long and strive,
Accept the part and be forever at rest.

—W. E. Henley in *North American Review*.

THE OLD
BLUE JAR.

Before Clementine went down to Milltown for the summer she made up her mind that she would bend all her energies to wheedle Aunt Phoebe out of the old blue ginger jar. That Uncle Julian had brought home from China, little thinking that the old slant eyed, fat sided mandarin would take such a jocular interest in her joys and sorrows.

The old blue jar had perched for many years on the corner of the high mantelpiece in the old fashioned country parlor and Aunt Phoebe knew that if she gave it to Clementine she would have a dreadfully lonesome feeling every time she stood on a chair to dust the old clock, the shells, the peddler vases, the leather fans and other companions of its lofty abode. But Clementine was an accomplished wheedler, and the fond old aunt finally said she might have her wish.

When Aunt Phoebe gave over to Clementine her right and title to the old blue jar, Randall was leaning to the window and idly sifting rose leaves from the old climbing vine through the meshes of his teacup racket. He sympathized with her lively admiration for the antique and unique in china and was glad that she had attained her heart's desire, but a more absorbing interest possessed his manly breast.

Clementine was going home in the morning, and he had been trying in vain for several days to get the feeble courage of his ardent convictions up to the declarative point. She was such a lively, fun loving girl, and love, you know, is such intensely serious business. Several times Randall fancied he had found her in a sober and properly receptive frame of mind, when with a trifling jest she would defeat his intention and put the little god to flight.

Now, however, when the slant eyed mandarin on the blue jar waded at him through the vines, Randall said to himself enthusiastically:

"Well, old boy, that's the very thing! Thank you for the bright idea! Are they all as clever as you are over in China?"

That night, in his room under the eaves, he constructed an eloquent letter to Clementine and in the early morning sneaked into the parlor and deposited it in the robust bosom of the old blue mandarin.

"If she finds it before she goes home, it is all right," said the timorous, adoring fellow, "and if she doesn't find it until afterward it will be all right too."

But the mandarin felt a little funny that day, so when Clementine packed her trunk he inspired her to stuff the ginger jar full of her silken hose, that the precious article might take no risks of breakage in its voyage. So when Randall parted from her at the station she made no sign of knowing anything in particular, and his hopeful heart decided that she would surely find the letter when she reached home, and he would then hear from her.

Now, Clementine was a girl who always had a great many things on her mind, and when she had unpacked the treasured jar and placed it on a dainty table in her pretty parlor—with a self congratulatory thought that it was so respectable to have things that one's relatives had brought from China—she wholly forgot the curious load that the mandarin had on his breast. She missed her silken hose, of course, and pestered Aunt Phoebe with messages about them.

In Milltown, as you may imagine, Randall waited for the answer to his letter. Awhile he waited patiently, then impatiently awhile, and then dived into his law books with that "composition of settled distress" which lovers have known in every age and clime. He did not dream that the slant eyed mandarin would be guilty of the ungentlemanly trick of intercepting a love letter.

But the fun loving mandarin knew what he was about. He was not without experience in these matters, and he wanted to punish Clementine a little and bring her to the proper condition of seriousness.

And Clementine was feeling the situation with all the subtlety that was desirable. She had suspected all summer that Randall had a tender feeling for her which she felt qualified to re-

lent, but she was a proud girl and was not by a feather's weight influenced by the balance of his attentions, before behind her smiles she had not a little wounded that he had caused her to come home without having given expression to his sentiments. So she, too, now took on a sober countenance and banished thought and regret by joining several new clubs taking membership in two or three charitable organizations.

It before Christmas Randall one experienced in his breast a sort of

imperative intimation—perhaps direct from the slant eyed mandarin, who knows?—that he might hear of something to his advantage if he should go down to the city and call upon Clementine; so after some futile resistance to the message he betook himself thither.

He was graciously received by Clementine—that is, graciously enough for a young man who had played the trifler with her invisible affections—and he seated himself in a cozy chair near the pretty table which held his old friend—the blue jar.

As he talked with Clementine, a little constraint being apparent on both sides, he toyed with the lid of the jar, and the slant eyed mandarin appeared to wink at him three times very knowingly.

Under some occult but imperative pressure Randall removed the lid and touched with his finger the silken texture of some mysterious contents.

Curiosity further constrained him, and he pulled from the bosom of the now jubilant mandarin a pale blue article of singular description for a parlor ornament, and, following it, he extricated a pale pink strip of similar shape and structure.

Turning to Clementine for explanation of these unforeseen apparitions, he found her speechless with wild-eyed astonishment, and without a word or gesture she seized the old blue jar and hurried from the room.

Randall snatched the first reel, set off, refreshingly smile that he had indulged in for several months and vowed by the pugnacity of the old slant eyed that he would stay rooted to the spot until Clementine returned.

What she said to the genius of the jar as she flew up stairs with it only the mandarin can reveal.

As Randall passed the parlor, pulling his mustache and wondering if Clementine's keen sense of humor would carry her safely through the trying hour, she came shamefacedly into the room, bearing in one hand the blinking old mandarin and in the other the pleading letter he had borne so long hid in his clever old bosom.

Randall met the dear girl more than half way, and as she whimpered gently on his shoulder he promised never, never, never to tell.

And when they were married, if you believe me, that ridiculous old ginger jar accompanied them on their wedding trip, and Randall packed the bosom of the grotesque mandarin full of Clementine's bridal roses there to fade and there forever to remain.

Now, as Randall never told and Clementine never told, the entire responsibility of this revelation lies between you and me and the ginger jar.

The Big Ships of the Past.

Gigantic as are the sea monsters devised by the modern shipwright, we have not reached the dimensions of the *Mannigaful of Frisian legend*, whose masts were so high that a boy sent aloft to "bear a hand" came down a gray headed man, whose deck was so spacious that the captain had to gallop about on horseback to give his orders and whose length was so great that when swinging in the channel her stern scraped the cliffs of Albion white, while her bowsprit swept the forts at Calais.

But we have exceeded in some respects the dimensions of Ptolemy's great ship, which was 420 feet long, 57 feet broad and 72 feet in depth of hold and which carried 4,000 rowers and 3,000 mariners, besides unnumbered soldiers and passengers. Of the great ship of Hiero, king of Syracuse, the dimensions have not been recorded, but she was at least as large as Ptolemy's, considering that her freightage was "60,000 measures of corn, 10,000 jars of salt fish, 20,000 talents' weight of wool and of other cargo 20,000 talents, in addition to the provisions required by the crew," and that she was so large no harbor in Sicily could contain her.

This habit of eating the inner bark of trees was, as is well known, common to many tribes of Indians, both those who inhabit the country where the sugar maple grows and also those in other parts of the country where the maple is unknown.

On the western prairies sugar was made also from the box elder, which trees were tapped by the Indians and the sap boiled down for sugar, and to-day the Cheyenne Indians tell us that it was from this tree that they derived all the sugar that they had until the arrival of the white man on the plains something more than 50 years ago.

It is interesting to observe that in many tribes today the word for sugar is precisely the word which they applied to the product of the maple tree before they knew the white man's sugar. It is interesting also to see that among many tribes the general term for sugar means wood or tree water—that is to say, tree sap. This is true of the Omaha and Poncas, according to J. O. Dorsey, and also of the Kansas, Osage and Iowa, Winnebago, Tuscarora and Pawnee. The Cheyennes, on the other hand, call it box elder water. A. F. Chamberlain, who has gone with great care into the question of the meaning of the words which designate the maple tree and its product, is disposed to believe that the name of the maple means the tree—in other words, the real or actual tree or the tree which stands above all others.—Forest and Stream.

About Sneezing.

We frequently hear the expression, "God bless you!" uttered after some one has sneezed. The expression, if we can believe Clodd in his "Childhood of the World," dates back to the time of Jacob. We are told in Jewish literature that previous to his time men sneezed but once in a lifetime and that was the end of them, for the shock slew them. Jacob prevailed in prayer and had the fatality set aside on the condition that among all the nations a sneeze should be hallowed by the words, "God bless you!" In the "Jataka," one of the books of the Buddhist Scriptures, we read that the expression was, "May the blessed Lord allow you to live!"

Buddha on one occasion while preaching to his disciples happened to sneeze. The priests gave vent to the exclamation, and Buddha lectured them for interrupting his discourse.

"If when a person sneezes," he asked, "and you say, 'May he live!' will he live the longer?"

"Certainly not!" cried the priests.

"And if you do not say it will he die any the sooner?"

"Certainly not!" was the reply.

"Then," said Buddha, "from this time forth if any one sneezes and a priest says, 'May you live!' he shall be guilty of a transgression."

If Men Only Would.

If the young men who are measuring tape and laces would surrender their work to the young girls who are seeking employment and turn their attention to the pursuits of agriculture, there would be less misery and more content in the land; there would be more independence and less servility: more men and fewer creatures; more happy wives with comfortable homes, healthful children and cheerful tempers.—Southern Farm Magazine.

INDIAN MAPLE SUGAR.

THE RED MAN TAUGHT THE WHITE MAN TO MAKE THE DAINTY.

Its Manufacture Was Practiced by All Northern Indians and Was Known to Those Living as Far South as Florida and Texas.

Very few of the people to whom maple sugar is an entirely familiar and commonplace thing are aware of the fact that the method of making sugar was taught to the white people by the Indians and that they made sugar long before the discovery of America. This is only one of the many things that the white people learned from the Indians. Others were the weaving of cotton, the cultivation of Indian corn and the use of tobacco.

Some of the early writers tell us that the French were the first to make this sugar and that they learned how to make it from the Indian women. The sap was collected in a rude way, a gash being cut in the tree, and into this a stick was thrust, down which the freely flowing sap dripped into a vessel of birch bark or a gourd or into wooden troughs hollowed out by fire or the ax. Then into larger wooden troughs full of the sap redhot stones were thrown, just as in old times they used to be thrown into the water in which food was boiled, and by constantly throwing hot stones and taking out those that had become cool the sap was boiled and evaporated, and at length syrup was made, which later became sugar.

This manufacture of the sugar was not confined to any one tribe, but was practiced by all northern Indians and was known to those living as far south as Florida and Texas. Among the sugar making tribes a special festival was held, which was called the maple dance, which was undoubtedly a religious festival in the nature of a prayer or propitiatory ceremony, asking for an abundant flow of sap and for good fortune in collecting it.

Among many if not all the Indians inhabiting the northern United States maple sugar was not merely a luxury, something eaten because it was toothsome, but was actually an important part of their support. Mixed with pounded, parched corn, it was put up in small quantities and was a concentrated form of nutriment not much less valuable in respect to its quality of support than the pemican which was used almost down to our own times.

Among all the older writers who had much familiarity with the customs of the Indians accounts are given of the manufacture of sugar, and this custom was so general that among many tribes the month in which the sap ran best was called the sugar month. By the Iroquois the name *Ratirontaks*, meaning tree eaters, was applied to the Algonquin tribes, and an eminent authority, Dr. Brinton, has suggested that they were probably "so called from their love of the product of the sugar maple." On the other hand, A. F. Chamberlain has very plausibly said "that it is hardly likely that the Iroquois distinguished other tribes by this term, if its origin be as suggested, since they themselves were sugar makers and eaters."

A more probable origin of the word is that given by Schoeler, in substance as follows: "Ratirontaks, whence Adirondacks, was applied chiefly to the Montagnais tribes, north of the St. Lawrence, and was a derivative term indicating a well known habit of these tribes of eating the inner bark of trees in winter when food was scarce or when on war excursions."

This habit of eating the inner bark of trees was, as is well known, common to many tribes of Indians, both those who inhabit the country where the sugar maple grows and also those in other parts of the country where the maple is unknown.

On the western prairies sugar was made also from the box elder, which trees were tapped by the Indians and the sap boiled down for sugar, and to-day the Cheyenne Indians tell us that it was from this tree that they derived all the sugar that they had until the arrival of the white man on the plains something more than 50 years ago.

It is interesting to observe that in many tribes today the word for sugar is precisely the word which they applied to the product of the maple tree before they knew the white man's sugar. It is interesting also to see that among many tribes the general term for sugar means wood or tree water—that is to say, tree sap. This is true of the Omaha and Poncas, according to J. O. Dorsey, and also of the Kansas, Osage and Iowa, Winnebago, Tuscarora and Pawnee. The Cheyennes, on the other hand, call it box elder water. A. F. Chamberlain, who has gone with great care into the question of the meaning of the words which designate the maple tree and its product, is disposed to believe that the name of the maple means the tree—in other words, the real or actual tree or the tree which stands above all others.—Forest and Stream.

Gaudy Acoustics.

"How are the acoustics of that theater?"

"The what?"

"Acoustic properties."

"Oh, ah, yes; the acoustic properties. Why, if struck me they were rather gaudy."—Exchange.

Usually the Case.

Little Waldo—Papa, what is a library?

Mr. Reeder—A library, my son, is a large number of books which a man loans to friends.—Harper's Bazaar.

Tea was cultivated in China 2,700 years before the Christian era and in that country was first used as a beverage.

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